Four Straight Defeats for Irwin's Senatorial Nonentities.

Washington Both Outbats and Outfields the Colonels, But Victory Was Not Intended for the Capital City Aggregation-The Time-Worn Escuse of "Hard Luck" in Order.

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

Woa	Lost.	Per Ct.
Brooklyn45	15	.750
Boston38	20	.655
Philadelphia35	21	.625
Chicago36	24	.600
St. Louis34	26	.580
Baltimore32	25	.561
Cincinnati28	29	.491
New York 29	31	.483
Pittsburg24	32	.429
Louisville 21,	38	.356
Washington18	43	.285
Cleveland10	46	.179

GAMES YESTERDAY. Louisville, 6; Washington, 3. Boston, 12; Pittsburg, 10. Pittsburg, 8; Bostop, 1. Chicago, 6; Brooklyn, 5. New York, 10: Cleveland, 7

GAMES TODAY.

Boston at Pittsburg. Philadelphia at St. Louis. New York at Cleveland.

The downward career of the Senators i still uninterrupted, and yesterday they were treated to another defeat by the Colonels at Louisville. Defeats have been Colonels at Louisyille. Defeats have been coming in bunches since the Washington team went West, and the old question of "who won" has been altered into "how much did they beat us by?" Lucky it is that the Clevelands are persistent in their refusal to win any number of games, for it is this fact alone that prevents the Senators from sinking to the bottom of the heap. Four straight at the hands of the Louisyilles is a record that will stand to Louisvilles is a record that will stand to the discredit of the Washingtons for som

The loss of the game yesterday is hard to explain without falling back on the time-worn excuse of "hard luck." Irwin's men both outbatted and outfielded their opponents, but failed to pull the game out of the fire. Dinneen allowed ten hits to thirteen secured by the Senators off Wood's delivery, and one error was made by the visitors to the home team's three. Atherton lead both clubs at the bat, getting a three-bagger and two singles, while Pad-den came next with a single and a home run. The score:

Charles, to Lacreston and the contract of the		M.	- 4	1.00	
Hoy, c. f	0	1	1	0	
Dexter, r. f	1	2	2	2	
Wagner, 3b	1	2	0	1	
Powers, c	0	0	7	2	
Ritchey, 2b	0	0	1	6	
Wells, 1b	1	2	20	0	
Leach, 48	2	2	D	0	
Woods, p	0	1	1	3	
The same and the s	-	-	-	=	
Totals	6	10	27	14	
WASHINGTON.	R.	18.	PO.	A.	3
Flagle, c. f	0	2	9	0	
O'Brien, L. f	0	1	2	0	
	2	3	1	2	
Bonner, 2b	0	1	2	0	
	0	0	2	0	
Padden	1	2	3	3	
Mercer, 98	0	0	0	0	
Barry, 1b	0	1	7	0	
Butler, c	0	1	5	3	
Dinneen, p	0	2	. 0	1	
	-	-	-	-	
Totals	3	13	24	9	
Louisville 1 0	0 2	0	2 0	1 :	ŧ-
	Hoy, c. f. Dexter, r. f. Wagner, 3b. Powers, c. Ritchey 2b. Wells, 1b. Leach, ss. Woods, p. Totals WASHINGTON. Eliglic, c. f. O'Brien, b. f. Atherton, 3b. Bonner, 7b. Freeman, r. f. Padden, ss. Barry, 1b. Barry, 1b. Burler, c. Dinneen, p. Totals	Hov, c. f. 0 Dexter, r. f. 1 Wagner, 3b. 1 Powers, c. 0 Ritchey, 2b. 0 Wells, 1b. 1 Leach, ss. 2 Woods, p. 0 Totals 6 WASHINGTON. R. Elaglic, c. f. 0 O'Brien, l. f. 0 Atherton, 3b. 2 Bonner, 2b. 0 Freeman, f. f. 0 Padden, ss. 1 Mercer, ss. 0 Barry, 1b. 0 Barry, 1b. 0 Barry, 1b. 0 Burler, c. 0 Butler, c. 0 Dinneen, p. 0 Totals 3	Hov, c. f. 0 1 Dexter, r. 1 1 2 Wagner, 3b. 1 2 Powers, c. 0 6 Ritchey, 2b. 0 6 Wells, 1b. 1 2 Leach, 2s. 2 2 Leach, 2s. 6 10 WASHINGTON. R. 1B. Elagle, c. f. 0 2 O'Brien, b. 0 1 Atherton, 3b. 2 3 Bonner, 2b. 0 1 Freeman, f. f. 0 0 Paddien, ss. 1 2 Barry, 1b. 0 1 Burry, 1b. 0 1 Burry, 1b. 0 1 Burry, 1b. 0 1 Burre, c. 0 1 Dinneen, p. 0 2 Totals 3 13	Hov. c. f. 0 1 1 Dexter, r. f. 1 2 2 Dexter, r. f. 1 2 2 0 Wagner, 3b. 1 2 0 Powers, c. 0 0 7 Ritchey, 2b. 0 6 1 Wells, 1b. 1 2 10 Leach, ss. 2 2 0 Woods, p. 0 1 1 Totals 6 10 27 WASHINGTON. R. 1B. PO. Eligle, c. f. 0 2 2 O'Brien, 1 0 1 2 Atherton, 3b 2 3 1 Bonner, 7b 0 1 2 Freeman, r. f. 0 0 2 Freeman, r. f. 0 2 Freeman	Hoy c. f.

...... 1 0 0 2 0 2 0 1 x-Two-base hit—Woods. Three-base hit—Atherton. Home run—Padden, Wild pitch—Dinneen. Bases on balls—Off Dinneen, 3; off Woods, 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Dinneen, 2. Struck out—By Woods, 4; by Dinneen, 4. Stolen bases—Clarke, 2; Dexter, Bonner. Umpires—Lynch and Connolly. Attendance—Soo. Time of game—2

An Even Break at Pittsburg. The Champions and Pirates each won and lost a game at Pittsburg yesterday.

ers were used up in the two hours and forty minutes it required to complete the game. In the second contest Leever had the Bostonites at his mercy all the way through. Williams' work at the bat, in the field, and on the bases was a feature of both games. The scores: PITTSBURG. R. 1B. PO. A. E. Donovan, r. f. 0 2 1 0 0 McCarthy, i. 2 3 4 6 0 Williams, 2b. 2 2 2 2 2

			-	
Beaumont, c. f	1	2	4	0
Clark, 1b		1	8	0
Ely, s. s		2	2	8
O'Brien, 2b		0	1	2
Bowerman, c		2	5	ī
Hoffer, p	0	î	0	ō
Gardner, p		9	0	ő
Ontoner, P				
Totals	1.0	17	27	8
BOSTON,	R	1B.	PO.	Α.
Stabl, r. f		3		0
Tenney, 1b	0	0	14	0
Long, se	377.4	ĭ	0	4
Collins, 3b.		2	1	2
Duffy, 1. 1	3	3	2	ō
Frisbee, c. f		2	â	ŏ
Lowe, 2b.	44	î	ı	3
	ō	0	7	o
Clark, c		ō	0	ő
Bickman, p		ű	0	5
Lewis, p	0			1
Willis, p	0	0	0	1
		77	-	
Totals	12	15	27	15
Pittsburg 2 1 (1	0 4	1	1 0-
Boston 0 1 1				0 0-
Stolen base-Duffy, Two	Has	e hi	ts—I	Jonova
Beaument, Bowerman. Thre				
Stahl, Clark. Sacrifice his				
play-Ely, O'Brien, and Cl				
Hoffer, 3; by Gardner, 1; by	Le	Wis.	i; by	Will

Bases on balls—Off Hickman, 1; off Lewis, 3; Willis, 1; off Gardner, 2. Hit by pitcher— Srien. Umpires—O'Day and McGarr. Atten-ner—2,569. Time of game—2 hours and 40 THE SECOND GAME. PITTSBURG. Donovan, r. f..... McCarthy, l. f.....

BOSTON.

Stolen bases—Long, McCarthy, Beaumont, 2; Williams, Two-base hits—Leever, Williams, McCarthy, Schriver, Three-base hit—Leever, Sacrifice hits—Edy, 2. Double play—Ely and Clark. Btruck out—By Leever, 4; by Killen, 2. Bases on balls—Off Leever, 3; off Killen, 1. Will pitches—Killen, 2. Umpires—O'Day and McGarr. Attendance—4,500. Time of game—1 hour and 50 minutes.

Pitcher Bates was responsible for the Pitcher Bates was responsible for the loss of the game to the Giants at Cleveland rich's beer. Maerzen, Senate and Lager are yesterday. His twirling was erratic, and brands.

the location of the hon. plate was to him a complete mystery. During the game he gave nine bases on balls, hit three batsmen, and allowed a man to score on a wild pitch. The score:

NEW YORK.
VanHaltren, c. f...
Tiernan, r. f...
Doyle, 1b...
Davis, ss... Totals CLEVELAND.
Dowd, c. f...
Harley, l. f.
Quinn, 2b.
Sullivan, 3b.
McAllister, r. f.
Tucker, 1b.
Lockhead, ss.
Schreckengost, c.
Bates, p. CLEVELAND. Totals 7 12 24 12

Chicago Beats Brooklyn.

fore the Orphans at Chicago yesterday, making three out of four for Burns' men, Yeager did well for five innings, but weakened, and was pounded out of the box.
Dunn's advent on the rubber was the signal for another shower of base hits, and the home team soon piled up enough runs to win the game. The score:

	CHICAGO	n.	ID.	EU.	A.	
	Ryan, L. f	1	1	2	0	10
	Green, r. f		3	1	0	=6
	DeMontreville, ss		1	4		
	Lange, c. f		3	3	õ	-8
	Everitt, 1b			10	ı î	Ö
s	McCormick, 2b		ō	0		
y	Connor, 3b		Ö		ä	N
7.(1)	Donahue, c					
e			o			
0	Callahan, p	·		300	-	8
n	The second secon	~	-	_	-	N.,
f	Totals	6	11	27	14	- 13
	BROOKLYN.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E
5	Casey, 3b	1	0	1	1	
	Keeler, r. f		1	9	0	-3
r	Kelley, 1. f	ō	õ	0	0	
г	Dahlen, ss	n	1	-	- 2	- 9
-	Jones, c. f				0	- 13
e	McGann, 1b			**		- 8
611						- 12
e	Daly, 2b		1	2	:	
O	Facrell, C		3	a	0	- 3
e	Yeager, p		1	- 1	1	- 3
	Dunn, p	0	0	0	0	
a	THE REPORT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY O	-	-		-	1
4	Totals	5	9	24	14	1.5

LIVING WITH HIS NECK BROKEN

broken. He lay in the water unconscious, and the tide was bearing him away when he was rescued. In a police patrol ambuhe was rescued. An an was at once translance the injured man was at once translance. The engine whistle blew its two short blasts and we were once more rumbling over the bleak, desolate prairie. In the Cherokee language the cowboy addressed the newcomer, who approached and informed us that he was a half-breed indian, soing only to the next stopping place. I of delirium ever since. It was thought best to perform an operation at once. As the operation included a portion of the neck above the area of the paralysis the jatient was put under the influence of anesthetics. Over the posterior cervical verte-brae an incision was made, and it was found that the sixth vertebrae was fractured. The fragment of bone had not lac-erated the flesh, but was forced back in such a way that it pressed on the spinal

When the splinter of bone was taken cut the pressure over the nerves proceeding from the spinal column was withdrawn. though the paralysis that resulted from the injury to the spine still continues, the pavical vertebrae had been forced back half in inch while the fifth vertebrae was fractured on the right and left sides. In his case, also, the operation had been greatly delayed. It is hoped that the prompt accorded to Boylan may save his

Among medical men the issue of the op

eration is awaited with much interest.

The Poverty of Riches.

(Robert Grant in Scribner's Magazine.)

Is there any body of people in the world more contemptible, and anybody among us more useless as an inspiring product of Americanism, of han the pleasure-seeking, unpatriotic element of the very rich who, under the caption of our best society, arrogate social distinction by reason of their vulgar ostentation of wealth, their extravagant methods of entertainment, and their aimigent methods of the interest of the world of the pleasure loving lives? To vie with cach other in lavish outlay, to visit Europe with frequency, to possess steam yachts, to bribe custom-house officers, to sneer at our institutions and, save by occasional check, to ignore all the duties of citizenship, is an off-handed epitome of their existence. And in it all they are merely copy cata-servile followers of the aristocratic creed, but without the genuine prestige of the old-time nobilities. And in the same breath let me not forget the women. Women indeed count for much here, and yet it is they even more than the mer who are responsible for and encourage the mere pleasure-laying life among the leisure class.

Fourth of July Excursions Southern Railway.

R. 1B. PO. A. E

live into shallow water at Midland Beach, Staten Island, on Sunday, and who was taken in what was thought to be a dying condition to the Smith Infirmary, in New

"The patient is still delirious at times," said Dr. Howard W. Merrell, the house surgeon at the infirmary, yesterday. "We hope, naturally, the operation will be successful, but the issue is still problematical. It will probably be a matter of several weeks before we can be sure of the outcome."

For this occasion the Southern Railway will sell tickets July 1, 2, 3, and 4, final limit July 7, 1890, between all points south of the Ohio and 1890, between all points south of the Ohio are and east of the Mississippi Rivers, at rate of one and one-third first-class fares for the round trio.

almost faint. I pleaded with the ranchman to tell me why he had shot the half-breed, to which there came no response.

"How long I remained in that position I do not know. It seemed sges. I realized that we could not strike a match, because

Deadly Decoction Prepared by a

Tarantula Venom in a Bottle of Whisky-Theatrical Man's Story of a Hair-Raising Experience With a Cowboy While Stealing a Ride in a Freight Car-A Trying Situation.

An Indian method of poisoning for the purpose of murder and robbery was re-States Office of Indian Affairs, says tu Washington correspondent of the "New York Sun." On or about February 1, 1895, the natives of Vinita, I, T., were startled at the sudden disappearance of Jim Blackbird, a half-breed Cherokee Indian, whose dead body was found a week later in an empty freight car at Springfield, Mo. Three bullets had penetrated his breast, but there was no evidence of a struggle, or any means to identify the body.

Treacherous Indian.

Vinita is a village in the northeastern part of the Indian Territory, situated on the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, where Blackbird had a family, owned a section of land, was considered quiet and never known to have any enemies. However, there was mystery about him, However, there was mystery about him, for at times he would frequent the gambling houses with large sums of money, which was lost recklessly, and his associates would never realize how it was obtained. As the authorities of Springfield, Mo., buried the Indian in Potter's Field, his family, after waiting one year for his reappearance, decided that he was dead, and proceeded to divide his property. Legal complications arose among the heirs. and proceeded to divide his property. Legal complications arose among the heirs, however, and as the proof of Blackbird's death was not forthcoming, the case was laid aside from time to time until George A. Villere, a former actor, having read a newspaper item in reference to the affair, decided to lay bare the facts, which he did on June 7, to Indian Commissioner William A. Jones, and Charles F. Larrabee, Chief of the Land Division of the United States Indian Office. Villere atates that he has never referred to the murder before, as his hair turned white the night it happened, and that he has aged twenty years since.

On being asked if he saw Blackbird Parrell, c. 0 3 3 0 0 | On being asked if he saw Blackbird Yeager, p. 1 1 1 1 1 0 killed, Villere said: "No, it was done in the dark, but I was right there when in the dark, but I was right there when in the dark, but I was right there when in the dark, but I was right there when it happened. You see, I had just left a stranded theatrical company, of which I was a member, in El Paso, Tex. We had Brooklyn . 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 2 0 -5 was a member, in El Paso, Tex. We had been playing one-night stands, and our manager could not endure the strain of four weeks' rainy weather, so the company collapsed. I expressed my trunk C. Struck out By Callahan, 4; by Yeager, 1; by Dunn, 1. Three-base hits Everitt. Two-base hits follow it by beating or stealing my way follow it by beating or stealing my way on freight trains. When ejected from a boxcar in towns along the route I visit-ed the various saloons and by singing and dancing would pick up enough change to

purchase my meals.

"In a few days I found myself slowly making my way through the Indian Nation. On arriving at Muscogee, I. T., I scrubbed the hotel office for my breakfast, An Operation That May Result in Saving Life.

New York, June 27.—Frederick O. Boylan, forty-nine years old, of No. 459 West 155th Street, whose neck was broken by a crawled into the end door of a big lumber. crawled into the end door of a big lumber car, and immediately stepped on the face of a man who was lying down. The few oaths he uttered as he sprang to his feet did not alarm me. The accident was soon accounted for and later he asked if I had condition to the Smith Infirmary, in New Brighton, was saved from death by a delicate surgical operation on the spine, performed by Dr. George P. Jessup, on Sunday night.

Boylan's case is exactly like that of Allen Lawson, of No. 23 West Twenty-eighth Street, who broke his neck by diving from a springboard at Midland Beach into four feet of water on July 24, 1898. He was also taken to the Smith Infirmary by Dr. Jessup, but was afterward transferred to the Post-Graduate Hospital, in Manhattan, where, nearly three weeks later, portions of the vertebrae were removed. The operation was at first thought to have been successful, but eventually the man died.

It was low tide when Boylan made his dive. At the place where the float was anchored the water was extremely shallow. His head struck the bottom with such force that one of the vertebrae in his neck was broken. He lay in the water unconscious, and the title was hearing him any near the form of a man could be seen, who uttered a penalty the dide was hearing him any near the form of a man could be seen, who uttered a penalty in the water unconscious, and the title was hearing him any near the contrary a conversation ensued for and later he asked if I had a bottle of liquor. After informing him to the contrary a conversation ensued, during which I learned my new acquaintance was a cowboy who had just received his wages after a cattle round-up in norrhern Texas, and when he way to St. Louis, Mo. to spend his money in a general good time. He considered railroads legitimate prey and would not pay fare, but attired like a tramp would rather steal his way, and with a revolver protect his money, which he carried in a belt beneath his clothing. I also found him a rough but agreeable chap, and gained a great deal of information from him as to my route. The darkness was intense and we huddled together to keep warm. He loaned me his pipe, in the glow of which I could occasionally see his face. Later I fell asleep in his arms. of a man could be seen, who uttered a pe-culiar grunt as he climbed in. "'That's an Indian,' whispered the cow-

going only to the next stopping place. I never liked an Indian, so kept quiet while we three were standing together, and let the cattleman do the talking. The Indian spoke English, but his answers to ques tions seemed to be grunts, which is char-acteristic of the race.
"Have you a bottle?" asked my friend, and the half-breed grunted affirmatively.

I immediately commenced to grope for the liquor. So did the cowboy. However, it reached me first, and I was just in the act of removing the cork with the intention of inviting him to drink when the bottle was inviting him to drink when the bottle was wrested from my hand. I grew angry at this discourtesy and was about to express my opinion, when a match was lighted by the cowboy, who held it behind the flask and gazed for a second at its contents. It was the first good chance I had to see his face, which was as pale as death. His lips quivered, and as the light died in his fingers I saw a countenance over which creat gers I saw a countenance over which crept the sarcastic smile of a desperate man, who calmly fixed his eyes on me. I was dumfounded. The roar of the train and the extreme darkness added to my amazement, and before I could speak there reng out three wicked barks from a huge re-volver. I saw the three sudden flashes cross my breast in the direction of the Indian. I could not move. I thought of every sin of my life, of mother's lullables, and grass-grown graves, then sank to the floor, feeling that my end was near. Realiz-ing there were two remaining cartridges in the revolver and thinking a lunatic was to be dealt with, I gathered my remaining strength and groped for the cowboy on my hands and knees. Discovering he had not moved, I attempted to reach his hand, crying out 'For God's sake, don't shoot!' I crying out 'For God's sake, don't shoot!' I wanted to persuade him to give me the gun, which I believed was soon to send my soul to eternity. When I laid my hands on his shoulder, pleading, praying, and crying, he grasped my by the nape of the neck and gruffly told me to 'Lay low.' "In the few seconds all this happened I lived a century and, being almost paralyzed with fear could scarcely move but finally.

lived a century and, being almost paralyzed with fear, could scarcely move, but finally found my way to the end of the car and attempted to open the door, hoping to escape. I had scarcely moved an inch when I was hurled to the floor by the cowboy, who lay on my chest, and placing his mouth to my ear warned me if I valued my life to keep quiet.

"Ton't kill me!' I cried.
"I don't intend to,' whispered he, 'but the Indian will if he sin't dead; and he couldn't have a better target than you crawling out that door.'
"I may forget the faces of my friends, I

crawling out that door."
"I may forget the faces of my friends. I may forget the hand that nursed me in the tender days of infancy, but never, never as long as I possess my present faculities will I forget those few terrible moments which followed—the cowboy sitting or me as I lay on the floor, while, with cocked revolver, he was prepared for an expected attack from the Indian, at whom he had shot with the intention of willing. he had shot with the intention of killing, but did not know the result. All this, added to the rumbling of the train and the dreaded darkness, caused me to sicken and almost faint. I pleaded with the ranchman

the Indian, if alive and armed, would then have us at his mercy, so I just trembled and prayed. Finally the train slackened its speed, and when about to stop we could bear heavy breathing in the centre of the

By this time the cowboy and myself were sitting side by side, he ever on the alert, myself thinking how to escape, "He's breathing as if dying," I whispered.

"He's breathing as if dying," I whispered.

"That might be bigh. You can't trust a redskin, softly replied my companion.

"When the train stopped we heard guttural sounds and short breaths from where the Indian was ldeated.

"That's the half-breed's death rattle. He can't work his little game any more, said the cowboy, who struck a match as we advanced. The Indian lay on his back, his eyes were fixed and glassy, his hands clutched at his breast, and the last vapored breath was leaving his body.

"The car door was soon opened and the cowboy got out. I followed and had hardly alighted when he placed a brawny hand on my shoulder and sternly said:

"Now, young feller, I don't want no trouble with you; so all you've got to do is to stick to me and lay low. I'll take no chances on you giving me away. I'll treat you white, but if you make a break to get away you'll get a bullet in your back."

"His manner convinced me that he

to get away you'll get a bullet in your back.'

"His manner convinced me that he meant business. I helped him close the car door, and we proceeded to a saloon opposite the railway station. It was about midnight, and the town seemed deserted, the only noise being that of the trainmen 'coaling up' the engine.

"On reaching the saloon, where drinks were ordered, I had my first opportunity to 'size up' my friend the murderer. I couldn't help but admire him as he calmly poured out a glassful of liquor. He smiled at my attempt to manipulate the bottle. I was dreadfully unstrung and could harely hold it, my hand trembling like the fluttering of a sparrow's wing against a

I was dreadfully unstrung and could barely hold it, my hand trembling like the fluttering of a sparrow's wing against a window pane. Previous to this he refused to answer any of my questions, but after accepting another drink I grew bolder and prevailed on him to tell me the cause of the trouble. He then ordered a quart of whisky, settled the bill with gold, led me to the middle of the street, and said: "You can never trust an Indian. When I saw the half-breed was generous enough to give up a drink I felt there was something wrong, so I grabbed the bottle from you, struck a light and saw a tarantula, or Texas spider, in the whisky, which made it deadly poison, for a tarantula discharges all of its venom as soon as it is placed in alcohol. Now, had we drunk that stuff, a few minutes later the Indian would have robbed our dead bodies of their clothing, as well as my money. It's an old Indian trick, so when that half-breed tried it on me something had to happen!"
"I now realized that my friend had saved my life, but did not worry over this as much as the desire to know our future movements. My companion did not seem at all alarmed, but kept a close watch on me.
"The brakemen were signaling the en-

"The brakemen were signaling the en-gineer to start, when the murderer sternly commanded me to follow him, and as I saw him attempt to open the door to the car containing the dead Indian I collapsed, but before I knew what had happened I was again inside crying, praying, and drinking whisky.

"We rode thirty-live miles in the car to

Neosho, Mo., where the corpse was left to its fate, also an empty quart bottle, and directed our footstops to a saloon, where the ranchman traded a pair of moccasins, a necklace made of beads and rattlesnake skin, and an odd chain made of deer teeth and turquoise for a quart of whisky which convinced me that he had thor-oughly turned the tables on the Indian. oughly turned the tables on the Indian.

"A hotel was soom found and a room assigned to us, where my determined companion compelled me to go to bed and sleep on the side next the wall. I took a long draught from the shottle, watched the cowboy place a revolver and the doorkey under his pillow, then tried to sleep. I moaned and tossed until the contents of the bottle were about consumed before I closed my eyes. It was noon when I awoke to find my bedfellow gone. I commenced dressing, and when I approached the bureau my eyes fell on a ten-dollar from the Indian civil service or staff corps. the bureau my eyes fell on a ten-dollar gold piece, also a scrap of paper on which was scraled: "'Goodby, young man. Never trust a

redskin. "I was so nervous I forgot to purchase

I was so nervous I forgot to purchase breakfast, but during the day bought \$10 worth of whiskey in small quantities, and late that night was conveyed to a hospital where for three weeks I killed more In-dians than any of America's most famous

Killing Robins. (From the Berea Enterprise.)

Mrs. I. G. Baldwin writing win, La., says:
"The robins suffered severely in the South the last winter. I was told a few days ago that near Patterson, La., where the robins congregated—a roost—men and boys knocked the birds down with sticks and killed them by the thousands. The long cold winter made their food scarce. Notwithstanding they were so scarce. Notwithstanding they were so

"The robin is a valuable friend to the farmer. The investigation made by the United States Department of Agriculture proved that 42 per cent of the robin's food is insects, while the remainder is largely made up of small wild fruits. Grasshop-pers constitute one-tenta of their entire food. They also feed on caterpillars, bugs, and beetles, a large portion of them inju-rious to vegetation.

rious to vegetation.

"In June and July 25 per cent of their food is cultivated fruit, but only a trifle in August. Wild fruit, on the contrary, constitutes the staple article of food. The robin takes ten times as much wild as cultivated fruits. The cherry unfortunately ripens when his wild food supply is scarce. The long-continued insect diet makes him ralish a charge and heart start for the contract of the co relish a change, and he eats greedily the

juicy morsel.

"Let us remember his good qualities and plant some extra cherry trees for the robins, or some mulberry trees, of which they are also fond, and the fruit ripens at the same time.

"Who will champion the cause of the birds and protect the robin in his winter migrations?"

When my father was a young man (he was born on December 15, 1793) he had on one occasion some business which required his presence at Althorpe, in the Isle of Axholme, where there are two land-drains which communicate with the river Trent. As they are very mear together. holme, where there are two land-drains which communicate with the river Trent. As they are very near together they go by the name of the Double Rivers. The person who had the care of the heads or outfall sluices of these drains was at that time named Egar; he was a descendant of one of the Dutchmen or Flemings who came over in the seventeenth century for the purpose of draining the level of Hatfield Chace. My father described him to me as a very intelligent and trustworthy old man, and one who had accumulated a large stock of knowledge relating to the tides, the weather, and other natural phenomena. During a chat with him on this occasion Egar asked if anything had appeared in the newspapers concerning a recent earthquake. My father said he had not heard of anything of the kind. "Well," replied Egar, "I wish you would enquire about it. I am sure there has been one somewhere, for a piece back three tides came up the Trent on one day, not two, as there should have been. The extra tide was only a little one, but it was very clear to tell. Many other folks here saw it as well as me." And then he went on to say that his father, whom he had succeeded in the guardianship of these sluices, had told him that a similar thing occurred at the time of the great Lisbon earthquake, but on that occasion the unexpected tide was larger and more powerful than the one he had recently witnessed. My father added that he heard afterward that there had been shocks of earthquake felt about the time in Spain and Portugal, but that they did not seem to have been of a serious character. I am sorry that I have no means of fixing the date of this conversation.

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LATEST STYLES IN RAJAHS.

The Sporting Variety Forges Abea

of the Dignified Species. (G. W. Steevens in the London Mail.) (G. W. Steevers in the London Mail.)

Of rajahs there are very many kinds, and much thought and care has been expended on the theory and practice of their production. The Government of India, while usually leaving them to themselves, has made an exception in the case of their manufacture. It is exceptional that a native State passes to an adult heir—a lege, at Ajmir; rulers of wider influence usually have a governor told off to them from the Indian civil service or staff corps. The question is, what sort of man you should aim at producing. The old-fash-ioned good rajah—the conservative, pious ruler, on good terms with his resident and his subjects alike, but impartially dislik-ing champagne, sanitation, bookmakers, female education and trousers—was perremaie education and trousers—was perhaps the most satisfactory, certainly the most dignified, type; but he, alas! though still extant here and there, must shortly die out. With him, as a compensation, will probably perish the old-fashioned bad one, the intriguer and blackmailer, who took greedily to champagne and bookmakers and—now and them—trousers but hated sanitation and female education the less. Of the new generation the most familiar type is the sporting rajah. In what was practically the final of this year's scarce. Notwithstanding they were so poor they were hardly fit to eat, the slaughter went on unmercifully. "Louisiana has little protection for the native birds, and none whatever for the robins. Witnessing their destruction, I wonder that one escaped to their Newbern manny when you don't him his hardling. wonder that one escaped to their Northern haunts.
"The robin is a valuable friend to the farmer. The investigation made by the less gentlemanly kind of sporting peer. In both cases it is hard to get him to take the least interest in the affairs of his subjects. After all, why should he? If a second Akbar were born in India we should not let him rule in his own way, and he would in that case rather not rule at all. It is childish to blame the rajah for being Oriental.

Thus see-saw the native states of India over a third of its area, over a fourth
of its population. Up with a good rajahdown with a bad; most up with a very bad
who brings in a British administrator. who brings in a British administrator. Many of their people would like to be annexed to British India: others prefer things as they are—especially everybody even distantly connected with the public service. We might annex them—there is never any lack of pretext—and we might leave them entirely alone to serve as awful examples, and make our subjects contented by the contrast. Instead of that we do—as always in India—the straight and disinterested thing. We are tolerant of the rajah as long as he is possible, and succor his people when he is not. Thus—as always in India—we get no thanks from cor his people when he is not. Thus—as always in India—we get no thanks from

(From the Chicago Trilmuc.)

Rustia is the enigma of Europe and of Asia. The Hague Conference may help to solve it, but, in any case, nothing but a decisive military repulse will check the movement of this mighty Empire in its eastward expansion. The apparent callousness of the Government to the actual suffering and famine in certain districts is also logical and consistent with this almost involuntary movement of the colossus that now bestrides Europe and Asia. There are no mutterings of discontent in Russia such as preceded the French revolution. There are a few Nihilists and there is always Siberia, or its equivalent, for those who actively oppose the autocratic government of the Czar. The abolition of Siberian exile does not mean that henceforward there is to be any greater freedom in Russia. The most perfect matem of espionage among existing nations is Sways in operation there. The Czar's ear, like that of Dionysius at Syracuse, hears the lightest whisper of discontent or plotting, and the strong, mysterious forces that suddenly check it have at last impressed the mass of the Russian people.

The Holy Family Found.

(From the London Chronicle.)

The British postman generally manages to deliver a letter at its destination, however deficient the address. But "The Holy Family. Grosvenor Square," did, the other day, haffle the resources of the postman on that beat. He showed himself, as one likes to think, something of a democrat and a wag in his way, when he wrote across the envelope "No Holy Family in Grosvenor Square." The after adventures of the undelivered missive are of less importance; but in the end it is satisfactory to say the delivery department had its triumph. "Try No. 31 Farm Street," wrote a high official, and sure enough, at the Church of the Jesuits, in the purieus of Grosvenor Square, a "confraternity of the Holy Family" was found to have a claim to the wildly wandering missive.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE DISTRIC OF COLUMBIA.—HOLDING A SPECIAL TERM FOR ORPHANS' COURT BUSINESS.—IN RE ESTATE OF PETER FELKA, DECEASED. NO. 8988. ADMINISTRATION DOCKET

25.

Application having been made to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding a special term for Orphans' Court business, for probate of a last will and testament and codicits, and for letters of administration on said estate by Auguste Felka and Max E. Felka, it is ordered this 23d day of June, 1850, that notice is hereby given to Albert Felka, and to all others concerned, to appear in said court on FRIDAY, THE 21ST DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1869, AT 10. CCLOCK A. M. to show when D., 1899, AT 10 OCLOCK A. M., to show why such application should not be granted. This notice shall be published in "The Washington Law Reporter" and The Washington Times once in each of three successive weeks before the re-turn day therein mentioned—the first publication to be not less than thirty days before said return day.

A. C. BRADLEY, Justice J. NOTA McGILL, Register of Wills. E. E. HOLMAN, Attorney for Applicant.

PROPOSALS for the purchase and removal of the old building of the Department of Jus-tice, block 221, in the City of Washington, D. C.—Scaled proposals will be received at the office of the Attorney General, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., until 2 O'CLOCK P. M., ON Washington, D. C., until 2 O'CLOCK P. M., ON THURSDAY, THE 6TH DAY OF JULY, 1809, the purchase and removal of the old building of the Department of Justice, in block 221, in the City of Wallington, D. C., in accordance will the specification, copies of which may be obtaine at this office. The bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than 10 per last of the amount of proposal. The depart a certified check for a sum not less than 10 per cent of the amount of proposal. The depart ment reserves the right to reject and or all bids. Proposals must be enclosed in envelopes, scal-ed, and marked "Proposal for purchase and re-moval of the old building of the Department of Justice, etc., from block 221, in the City of Washington, D. C.," and addressed to the At-torney General, Department of Justice, Washing-ton, D. C. je27,29,jy1.4

PROPOSALS will be received at the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., until 12 O'CLOCK NOON, JULY 3, 1889, and publicly opened immediately thereafter, to furnish at the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., a quantity of steel castings and steel forgings. Blank proposals will be furnished upon application to the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. A. S. KENNY, Paymaster General, U. S. N. je20,27

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